Affliction till it do cry out it ſelfe
Enough, enough, and dye: that thing you ſpeake of,
I tooke it for a man: often would he ſay
The fiend, the fiend, he led me to that place.

Edg. Bare, free, and patient thoughts: but who comes heere,
The ſafer ſenſe will nere accommodate his maiſter thus.

Enter Lear mad.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coyning, I am the King himſelfe.

Edg. O thou ſide piercing ſight.

Lear. Nature is aboue Art in that reſpect, ther's your preſſe-money. That fellow handles his bow like a Crow-keeper, draw me a clothiers yard. Looke, looke, a Mouſe; peace, peace, this toſted cheeſe will do it. Ther's my gantlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant, bring vp the browne bils. O well flowne birde in the ayre. Hagh, giue the word.

Edg. Sweet Margerum.

Lear. Paſſe,

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha *Gonorill*, ha *Regan*, they flatter'd me like a dogge, and told me I had white haires in my beard, ere the black ones were there; to ſay I and no to all I ſaide: I and no too was no good Diuinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found them, there I ſmelt them out: goe too, they are not men of their words, they told mee I was euery thing, tis a lye, I am not argue-proofe.

Gloſt. The tricke of that voyce I doe well remember, iſt not the King?

Lear I, euery inch a King: when I do ſtare ſee how the ſubiect quakes: I pardon that mans life, what was thy cauſe, Adulterie? thou ſhalt not dye for adultery: no, the wren goes toot, and the ſmall guilded flye do letcher in my ſight; let copulation thriue. For *Gloſters* baſtard ſon was kinder to his father then my daughters got tweene the lawfull ſheets, toot Luxury, pell mell, for I want ſouldiers. Behold yon ſimpring dame, whoſe face between her

her forkes preſageth ſnow, that minces vertue, and do ſhake the head, heare of pleaſures name to fichew, nor the foyled Horſſe goes toot with a more riotous appetite: downe from the waſte they are Centaures, though women all aboue, but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends, theres Hell, theres darkneſſe, theres the ſulphury pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſummation, fie, fie, fie, pah, pah: Giue mee an ounce of Ciuet, good Apothecary, to ſweeten my imagination, ther's money for thee.

Glo. O let me kiſſe that hand.

Lear. Here wipe it firſt, it ſmels of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd peece of nature, this great world ſhold ſo weare out to naught, do you know me?

Lear. I remember thy eyes well enough, doſt thou ſquiny on me: no, do thy worſt blinde Cupid, Ile not loue: Read thou that challenge, marke the penning on't.

Glo. Were all the letters ſuns I could not ſee one.

Edg. I would not take this from report, it is, & my hart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the caſe of eyes.

Lear. O ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head nor money in your purſe? your eyes are in a heauy caſe, your purſſe in a light; yet you ſee how this world goes?

Glo. I ſee it feelingly.

Lea. What art mad? A man may ſee how the world goes with no eyes. Looke with thy eares, ſee how yon Iuſtice railes vppon yon ſimple theefe: hearke in thy eare, handy dandy, which is the theefe, which is the Iuſtice. Thou haſt ſeene a farmers dog barke at a begger.

Glo. I ſir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightſt behold the great image of Authoritie, a dogge, ſo bad in office. Thou Raſcall Beadle hold thy bloody hand; why doſt thou laſh that whore? ſtrip thine owne backe, thy blood hotly luſts to vſe her in that kind for which thou whipſt her. The vſurer hangs the cozener, through tattered ragges ſmall vices do appeare, Robes

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